With juice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-anneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible,
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſomever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes, grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

All

All ſaw of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine!
My tables, meet it is I ſet downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine;
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in *Denmarke*.
So uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have ſworne't. *Enter Horatio*
Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heavens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come, and come.
Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man o
But you'll be ſecret.
Both. I by heaven.
Ham. There's never a villaine
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant Knave.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For every man hath buſineſſe and deſire,

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